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SMASH!

No.129
JULY 20th 1968
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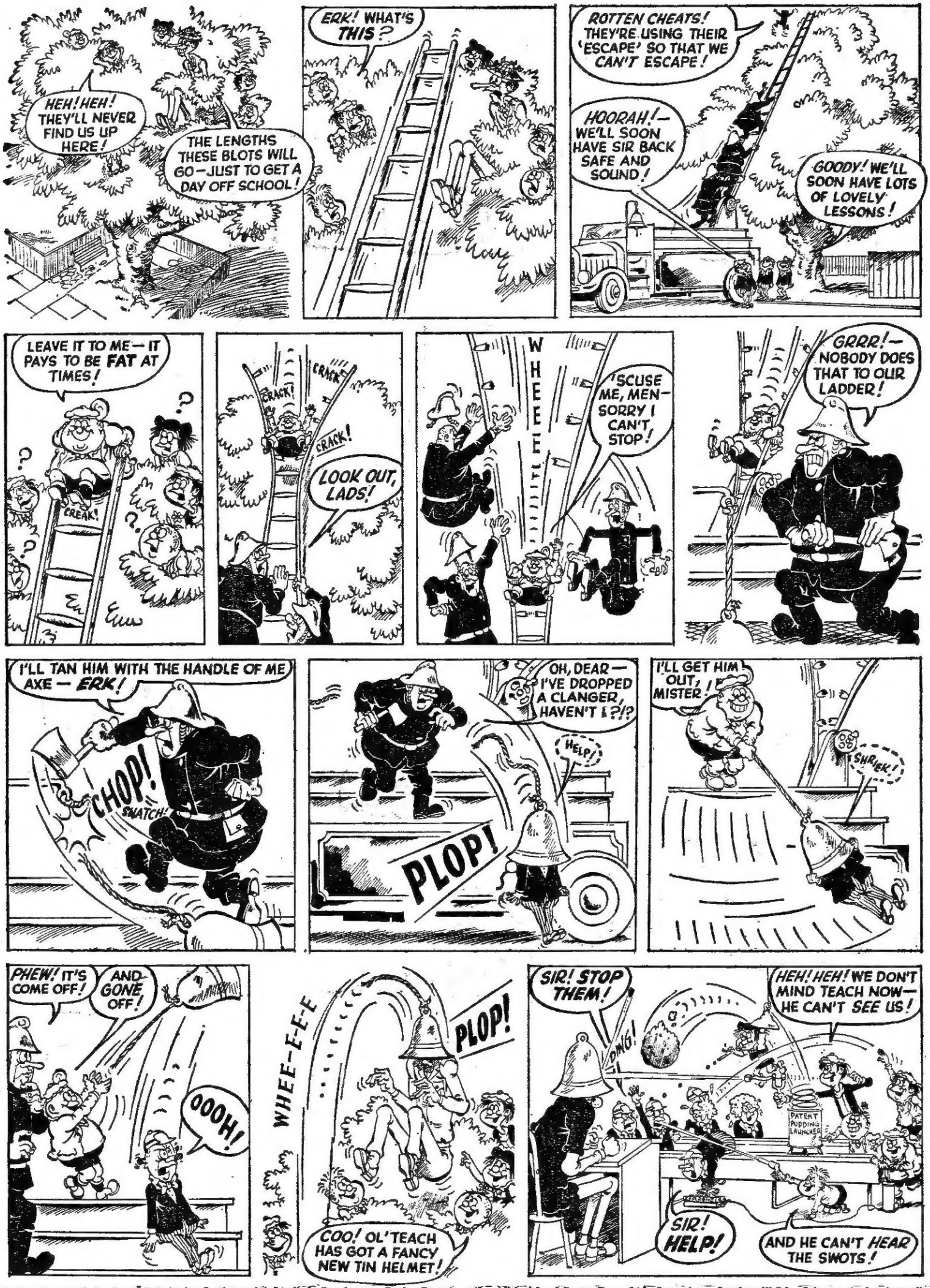

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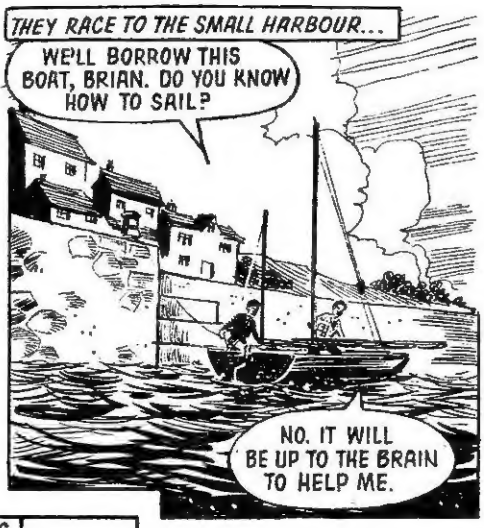
BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN—DO YOU THINK IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE PROFESSOR'S TIME-MACHINE THAT BROUGHT ALL THIS ABOUT?
I WISH I KNEW, DUFFY. WE'D BETTER ASK THE BRAIN.

THE BOYS HASTEN BACK TO THE HOUSE AND PUT THEIR QUESTIONS TO THE BRAIN...
QUITE CERTAINLY THE PROFESSOR'S TIME-MACHINE COULD NOT WORK. THERE IS DANGER HERE IN TREGARVON, BRIAN. YOU MUST WARN THE AUTHORITIES.
WE'LL TELEPHONE, BRIAN. THERE'LL BE ONE IN THE POST-OFFICE. WE'LL DIAL 999.

BUT IN THE OLD-FASHIONED POST-OFFICE...
WE'D LIKE TO USE YOUR TELEPHONE. WHERE IS IT, PLEASE?
TELEPHONE? WE DON'T HAVE ONE OF THOSE NEW-FANGLED THINGS. YOU WON'T FIND ONE ANYWHERE IN TREGARVON.

DEJECTEDLY THE BOYS RETURN TO THE STREET...
NO TELEPHONES. AND, AS WE KNOW, THE BRIDGE CONNECTING THIS AREA WITH THE REST OF CORNWALL IS WRECKED. TREGARVON IS COMPLETELY CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD.
NO, DUFFY! WHAT ABOUT THE SEA? IF WE COULD GET HOLD OF A BOAT WE COULD REACH ANOTHER PART OF THE COAST!


THEY RACE TO THE SMALL HARBOUR...
WE'LL BORROW THIS BOAT, BRIAN. DO YOU KNOW HOW TO SAIL?
NO. IT WILL BE UP TO THE BRAIN TO HELP ME.

BRIAN TAKES THE BRAIN FROM ITS BOX AND EVEN AS HE HOISTS THE SAILS HE SENSES IT HELPING HIM...
I ONLY WISH I'D DONE SOME SAILING BEFORE!
BRIAN—WE'VE BEEN SEEN! HERE COMES THE VILLAGE POLICEMAN!

DESPERATELY BRIAN LEAPS TO THE TILLER. HE FEELS THE POWER OF THE BRAIN GUIDING HIM...
YOU THERE! STOP!
HE'S GOING TO CATCH US. WE AREN'T MOVING!
YES WE ARE! THE WIND IS CATCHING THE SAILS!

WITH AGONISING SLOWNESS THE BOAT MOVES AWAY FROM THE HARBOUR WALL AND OUT INTO THE DEEPER WATER...
WE DID IT! BRIAN—YOU'RE A GREAT SAILOR!
IT'S THE BRAIN YOU SHOULD THANK, NOT ME!

WITH BRIAN HANDLING THE CRAFT LIKE AN EXPERT YACHTSMAN TREGARVON HARBOUR IS SOON LEFT BEHIND...
I NEVER KNEW SAILING WAS SUCH A GRAND SPORT. I'M BEGINNING TO ENJOY THIS!
THERE'S ANOTHER BOAT. IT'S HEADING TOWARDS US—AND IT'S TRAVELLING FAST!

IN LESS THAN A MINUTE THE DETAILS OF THE OTHER CRAFT ARE CLEARLY VISIBLE AND STARK DISMAY STRIKES AT THE BOYS...
IT'S A GERMAN ARMED LAUNCH FROM THE FIRST WORLD WAR!
AND THEY'RE GOING TO MOW US DOWN WITH THAT MACHINE-GUN! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
NEXT WEEK—IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

ALL LIFE'S A COMPETITION! . . . so our Wise Old Feller says: He could be right, too. Certainly that's the kind of remark Wise Old Fellers are supposed to come out with. And just as certainly life seems to be like that up here in the garret. We editorializers often get the notion that quite apart from competing with other publications, we also seem to be competing against the clock, against printers' deadlines, and against the editorial-type gremlins who shift commas and capital letters into the wrong place and fasten the odd balloon of dialogue on to the wrong character. Meaning those BOOBS you tigers out there sometimes spot and write in to tell us about. Meaning that you shouldn't blame us at all! And we bet you think that's us coming out with a deep dug excuse! Right? See what we mean? For a moment we nearly had ourselves competing with YOU! . . . .

AND SPEAKING OF COMPETITIONS . . . on this page you see that instead of including our usual list of Twenty Proud Power-Packed People we've given pride of place to TWENTY-FIVE LUCKY POWER-PACKED PEOPLE! In other words the winners of our "WIN A SPEED-DISC COMPETITION"! Right happy we are to send these great L.P.s. fellers. Only wish we could send one to all of you tigers who entered. But to do THAT we'd need a WAREHOUSE full of records. And in next to no time we'd find ourselves in the disc biz! And we have problems enough as it is!

COMPETITIONS . . . well, we can't reveal any real info now but we're WORKING on giving you some more, and not too long hence, either. Soon as WE know we'll let YOU know! But until then, just to keep you in poser-pulverising trim we've started a couple of bright new features in FANTASTIC. Right now, in this week's very issue of the world's top super-hero weekly (FANTASTIC, of course!) you'll find a specially geniused-up POWERHOUSE CROSSWORD! The reason? Well, you'd be surprised how many of your letters ASK for same. And as we are told crosswords are ALL THE RAGE right now, we just HAD to have one for YOU! And we're going to keep them coming . . . every week in you-know-where! ALSO in FANTASTIC now and every week, there's a 'SPOT THE BOOB' new feature. Means just what it says. Every week, we make a DELIBERATE boob in one of the pictures (deliberate! Not the kind we usually make!) PLUS (should any of you need it) a jingle clue to help solve the mystery.

No prizes for these two regular competitions in FANTASTIC! They're just there for FUN! So get FANTASTIC. Have a go! 'Cause if our Wise Old Feller's right . . . if all life IS a competition . . . then you should be right in there . . . swinging!

TWENTY-FIVE LUCKY POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Ian Barnes, 70 Alwold Crescent, Lee, London, S.E.12; David Bridge, 39 Chipping Grove, Grange Park, Blackpool, Lancs.; M. Brown, Windrush, Paddock Woods, Combe Down, Bath, Somerset; Roy Cherry, 12 South Road, Hanworth, Middx.; Miss C. Connolly, 32 Market Way, Poplar, London, E.14; Ian Dawes, 16 Yewtree Crescent, Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.; Christopher Donnelly, 14 Omar Street, Belfast 12, N. Ireland; George Francis, 18 Broxburn Parade, South Ockendon, Essex; Paul Hebblethwaite, 55 Newfield Lane, Dore, Sheffield, S.17 3DD; Julian Jones, The Pines, Main Road, Barnham, Nr. Bognor Regis, Sussex; Michael Nicholson, 26 Nelson Street, Seaham, Co. Durham; Raymond Payne, Lower Green, Woodend, Nr. Towcester, Northants; Nicholas Pearce, 8 Beaconsfield Road, Clevedon, Somerset; Dennis Riches, 14 Canning Street, Bathside, Harwich, Essex; Tony Robinson, 10 Ash Close, Downham Market, Norfolk; Mark Rushworth, 21 Myrtle Place, Bingley, Yorks.; Paula Rushworth, 8 Back Lane, Clayton Heights, Bradford, Yorks.; Robert Russell, 4 Felstead Crescent, Ford Estate, Sunderland, Co. Durham; Ian Smith, 38 Alderney Road, Slade Green, Erith, Kent; Percy Smith, The Gables, Beckford, Nr. Tewkesbury, Glos.; Mark Smurthwaite, 30 Curbridge Road, Witney, Oxon; Keith Tanton, Bowen, Middle Marwood, Nr. Barnstaple, Devon; Stephen Tunks, 81 Middlemoor Road, Frimley, Camberley, Surrey; Mark Williams, 22 The Highway, Panteg, Pontypool, Mons.; Ian Wright, 29 St. Philip's Road, Keyingham, East Yorks.

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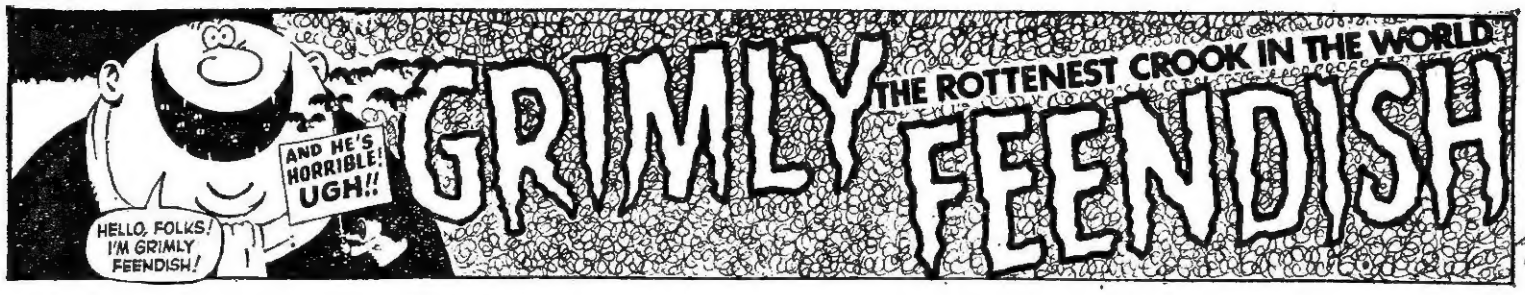
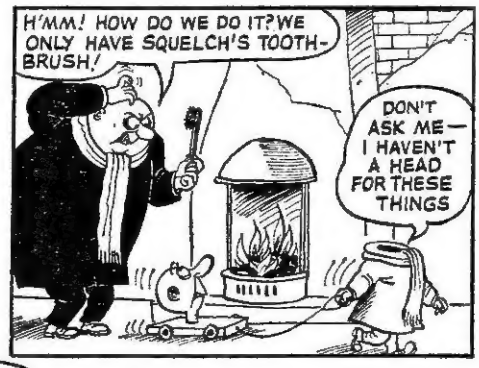
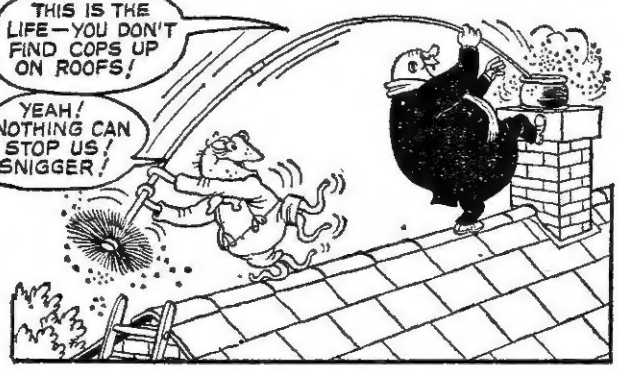

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

GRR! WE'LL HAVE TO GET THAT CHIMNEY SWEPT, SQUELCH— IT'LL BE GIVING AWAY OUR NEW HIDE-OUT TO THE COPPERS!
INDEED, O GREAT AND MIGHTY MASTER!


H'MM! HOW DO WE DO IT? WE ONLY HAVE SQUELCH'S TOOTH-BRUSH!
DON'T ASK ME— I HAVEN'T A HEAD FOR THESE THINGS

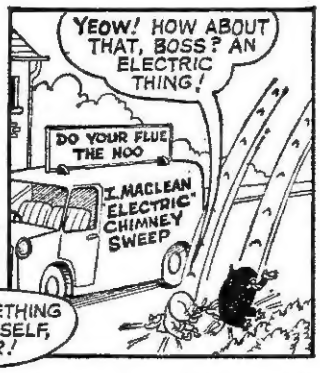
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, LAD— WE'LL HAVE TO NICK SOME SWEEP'S EQUIPMENT!
YAHOO! A BIT OF EXCITEMENT AT LAST!

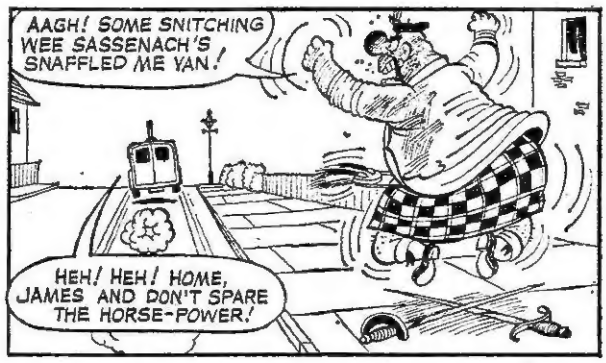
HEH! HEH! ONE BRUSH COMING UP— LET'S GET IT, SQUELCH!


THIS IS THE LIFE—YOU DON'T FIND COPS UP ON ROOFS!
YEAH! NOTHING CAN STOP US! SNIGGER!

GRR! YOU TWERPS WILL PAY FOR THIS—AS IF I DON'T GET MUCKY ENOUGH AT THIS JOB!
EEK!??

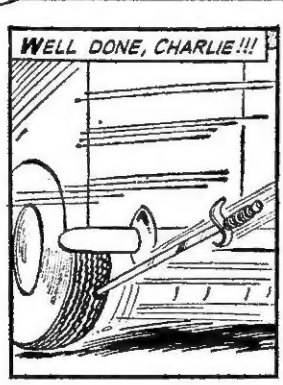
BAH! WHY COULDN'T WE HAVE PICKED A BIG FAT SWEEP WHO WOULD HAVE STUCK IN THE CHIMNEY!


YEOW! HOW ABOUT THAT, BOSS? AN ELECTRIC THING!
DO YOUR FLUE THE NOO
J. MACLEAN 'ELECTRIC' CHIMNEY SWEEP
YEAH! SOMETHING LIKE YOURSELF, MASTER!


AAGH! SOME SNITCHING WEE SASSENACH'S SNAFFLED ME VAN!
HEH! HEH! HOME, JAMES AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSE-POWER!

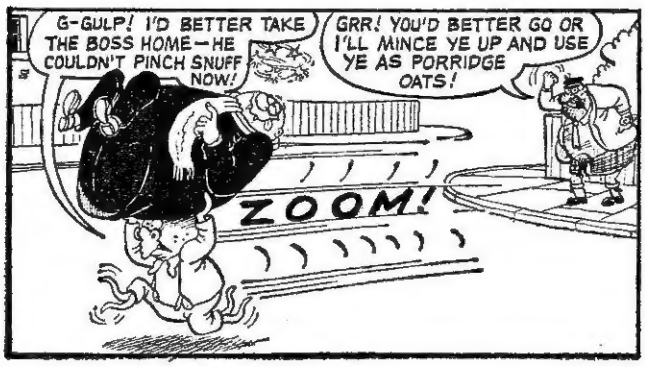
GRR! THEY'LL NO' GET AWAY WI' IT—THAT VAN AND STUFF COST ME MA LAST BAWBEE!

MAY THE SPIRIT OF BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE GUIDE YE HAME, MA BEAUTY!


WELL DONE, CHARLIE!!!

AAGH! WE'VE GONE OUT OF CONTROL— A TYRE'S BURST!
MUST HAVE BEEN MADE FROM HAGGIS REMOULDS!
DO YOUR FLUE THE NOO
J. MACLEAN 'ELECTRIC' CHIMNEY SWEEP
BANG!

CRASH!
FLUE NOO


G-GULP! I'D BETTER TAKE THE BOSS HOME—HE COULDN'T PINCH SNUFF NOW!
GRR! YOU'D BETTER GO OR I'LL MINCE YE UP AND USE YE AS PORRIDGE OATS!
ZOOM!

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHAT'S THE GAME?
HAIR RESTOR
GRR! YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!

OL' GRIMLY'S CERTAINLY GIVEN ME THE BRUSH OFF TODAY! BAH!

IT'S THE BATTLING DAREDEVIL VERSUS THE TRI-MAN!

CO-FEATURING: THE GLADIATOR AND THE MASKED MARAUDER!

THE MASKED MARAUDER HAS CONSTRUCTED A POWERFUL ANDROID AND "INJECTED" IT WITH THE NATURAL ABILITIES OF ***THREE*** CROOKS — NOW THE "TRI-MAN"'S TASK IS TO DESTROY DAREDEVIL! HE BEGINS BY MAKING A DRAMATIC APPEARANCE IN A FAMOUS BOXING ARENA... AS WE SAW LAST ISH...

AND THIS IS WHERE WE PICK UP THE STORY...

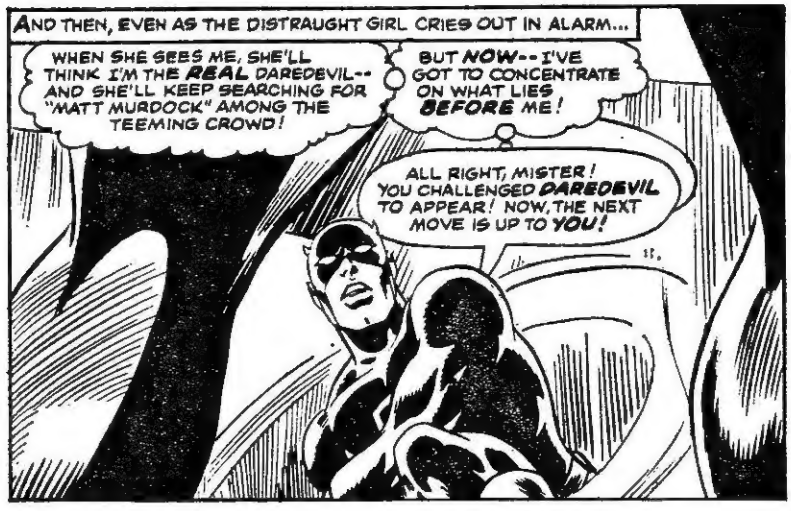
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

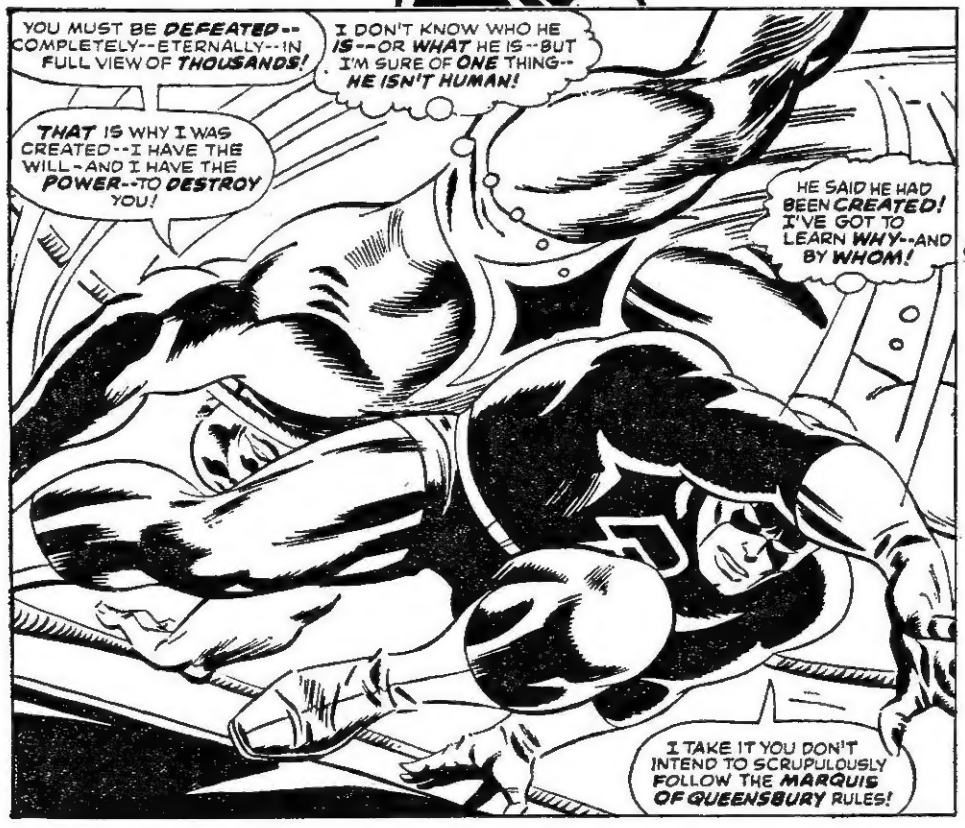
KAREN! DID YOUR HEAR THAT? IF DAREDEVIL DOESN'T APPEAR--ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN!
AND, HE CAN'T APPEAR WHILE KAREN IS WATCHING ME LIKE A HAWK! I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!
KAREN, DO YOU REMEMBER THE COSTUME FOGGY USED--WHEN HE IMPERSONATED DAREDEVIL?
YES! BUT--WHY?
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! GET IT!

SECONDS LATER...
MATT--YOU CAN'T! IT'S INSANE! WHAT CHANCE WOULD YOU HAVE? I-I SHOULDN'T LET YOU!
I CAN DO IT, KAREN--WITH YOUR HELP! JUST IN CASE THE REAL DAREDEVIL DOESN'T APPEAR--WE CAN'T ALLOW ANY HARM TO COME TO INNOCENT PEOPLE!
IF YOU LEAD ME INTO THE ARENA--AND GET ME SOMEWHERE NEAR THE RING--I'LL TRY TO BLUFF MY WAY THROUGH WITH THE REST OF IT!
AND, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN GET SEPARATED FROM KAREN, AND THEN APPEAR AS THE REAL DAREDEVIL!

THEN, AT THE POWER PLANT, ACROSS TOWN...
IT WORKED! THERE HE IS!
BUT...WHO'S THE GIRL WITH HIM?
I RECOGNIZE HER! IT'S KAREN PAGE! SHE'S A SECRETARY AT NELSON AND MURDOCK'S!

SUDDENLY...
MATT! MATT! OH--I LOST HIM!
I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!
HE'S ALL ALONE--UNABLE TO SEE!
MATT! MATT--WHERE ARE YOU?


AND THEN, EVEN AS THE DISTRAUGHT GIRL CRIES OUT IN ALARM...
WHEN SHE SEES ME, SHE'LL THINK I'M THE REAL DAREDEVIL--AND SHE'LL KEEP SEARCHING FOR "MATT MURDOCK" AMONG THE TEEMING CROWD!
BUT NOW--I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE ON WHAT LIES BEFORE ME!
ALL RIGHT, MISTER! YOU CHALLENGED DAREDEVIL TO APPEAR! NOW, THE NEXT MOVE IS UP TO YOU!


YOU MUST BE DEFEATED--COMPLETELY--ETERNALLY--IN FULL VIEW OF THOUSANDS!
I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS--OR WHAT HE IS--BUT I'M SURE OF ONE THING--HE ISN'T HUMAN!
THAT IS WHY I WAS CREATED--I HAVE THE WILL--AND I HAVE THE POWER--TO DESTROY YOU!
HE SAID HE HAD BEEN CREATED! I'VE GOT TO LEARN WHY--AND BY WHOM!
I TAKE IT YOU DON'T INTEND TO SCRUPULOUSLY FOLLOW THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES!

IN WHICH CASE, I'LL FEEL FREE TO COME UP WITH A FEW UNORTHODOX GIMMICKS MYSELF!
--LIKE MY LITTLE "DROP-TO-THE-FLOOR-AND-KICK-'EM-UP" MANOEUVRE. CUTE, EH?
BOK!
OR, IF THIS DOESN'T GRAB YOU--

PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER A MORE CONVENTIONAL KARATE BLOW--SUCH AS THIS!
ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU'RE A ROTTEN CONVERSATIONALIST?

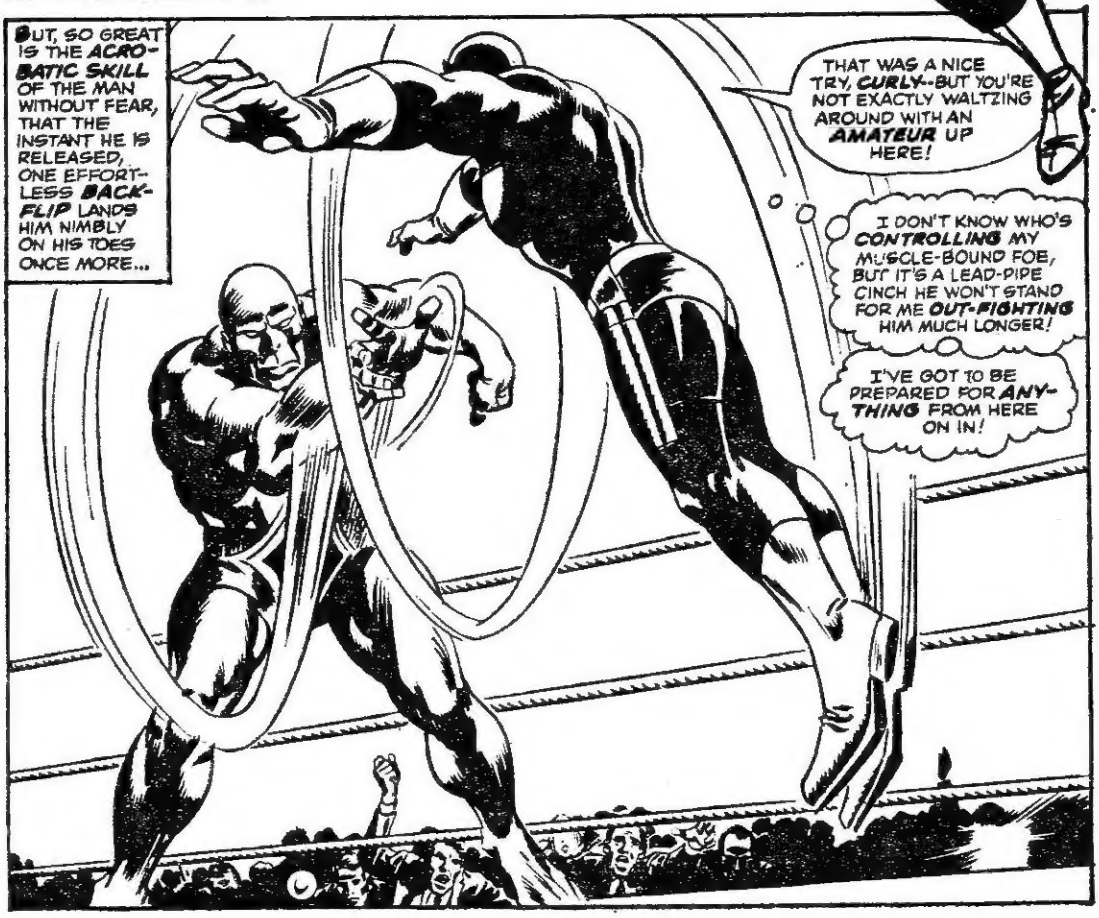
LOOK OUT! HE TOSSED HIM CLEAN OUT OF THE RING!
HAD ENOUGH, BIG MAN?
HIS SKIN! IT...IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE REAL FLESH!

HE'S CLIMBED BACK IN...COMING TOWARDS ME--!
COME ON--DON'T BE BASHFUL! WE'VE GOTTA GIVE THE FANS A GOOD SHOW!
IT'S STRANGE--HE DOESN'T SEEM ANY THE WORSE FOR WEAR!*
*NATURALLY, DD HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING HE'S FIGHTING A FOE WITH THE MERCILESS STRENGTH OF THE MANGLER! KEEP-THE-BOOKS-STRAIGHT BART.

AND THEN, GUIDED BY THE QUICK-THINKING BRAIN, AND THE AGILE DANCER, THE AMAZING TRI-ANDROID MANAGES TO SIDE-STEP DAREDEVIL'S NEXT BLOW...
WHHHTTTTTTTTTTTT
MY FIRST MISTAKE--LETTING HIM HAVE A BREATHER!
HE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO INCREASE HIS SPEED IN THE PROCESS!

YOU WON'T STRIKE ME AGAIN WITH THAT HAND!

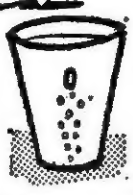
LOOK OUT!
HAH! NOW IT'S MY TURN--TO DESTROY YOU!
DUCK!
DAREDEVIL HASN'T A CHANCE NOW!

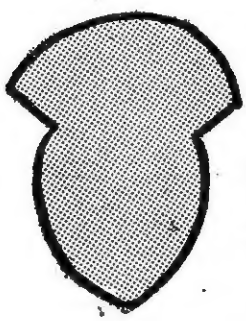

BUT, SO GREAT IS THE ACROBATIC SKILL OF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR, THAT THE INSTANT HE IS RELEASED, ONE EFFORTLESS BACK-FLIP LANDS HIM NIMBLY ON HIS TOES ONCE MORE...
THAT WAS A NICE TRY, CURLY--BUT YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY WALTZING AROUND WITH AN AMATEUR UP HERE!
I DON'T KNOW WHO'S CONTROLLING MY MUSCLE-BOUND FOE, BUT IT'S A LEAD-PIPE CINCH HE WON'T STAND FOR ME OUT-FIGHTING HIM MUCH LONGER!
I'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING FROM HERE ON IN!

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Mister Knowall

TRY this the next time you have a fizzy drink—it won't hurt it! Tell your pals you can make an orange pip (or a tiny bit of your drinking straw) do just what you tell it to do! Drop the pip in the drink and tell it to go down. It will. But then tell it to come up—and it does! And then you tell it to go down again! It does that, too! Maybe it's better to try it out once on your own to get an idea how long it takes. When the pip sinks it picks up bubbles of gas that float it back up. These bubbles leave it at the top so the pip goes down again. Simple when you know how—but it will mystify your pals!

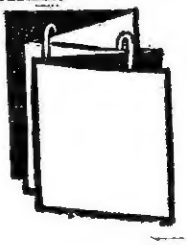




Trace the crazy shape on the left onto plain paper and cut it out. Now, with one cut can you make it into two pieces that together will form a perfect circle? And you've only seven days to try before I give you the answer. Sooo...

FOLD a piece of paper into four and clip the edge of each inside fold together with a paper clip, as the drawing shows. Now, WITHOUT TOUCHING THE CLIPS AT ALL, you are going to LINK THEM TOGETHER.

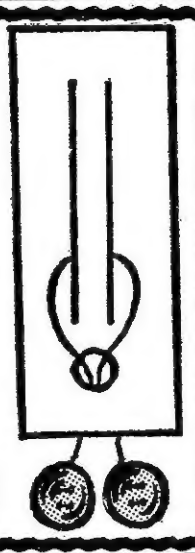
How? . . . Give the two ends of the paper a sharp tug. They will link together as they fly off.



DID YOU BEAT ME LAST WEEK?

LAST week I asked you to make two slits in a strip of paper with a hole beneath; push a length of thread under the slits and through the hole—then tie a button to each end. The challenge was to release the string without taking off either button. Well, did you do it? ... if not, here's how ... simply pull that narrow strip of paper between the slits through the hole ... and hey presto! You've DONE it!

Now, if you haven't already spotted it, cast your eyes down to the left for this week's challenge.



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£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
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Win a Portable TV set-and view the Mexico Olympics!

ENTER THE TREBOR CHEW CONTEST

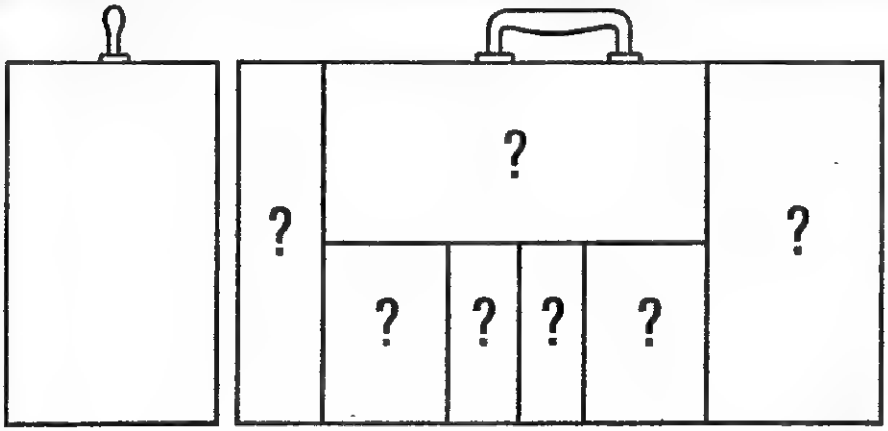
Did you know the Trebor range now includes Gold Medal Chewies with a full-colour illustration of an Olympic event on each wrapper? Also details of the Olympic and World Record! There are nine exciting wrappers in the set for you to collect. Buy Gold Medal Chewies and enter the Trebor Olympic Contest to win one of 10 Portable TV sets – runners up can win one of 100 transistor radios. Here's how to enter.

When the Olympic cameraman goes to film the Mexico Olympics, he will take two suitcases filled with a supply of Trebor Chews. One case is filled with his favourite new Gold Medal Chewies, and the other case contains a mixture of 4-a-1d, 2-a-1d and 1d. Trebor Chews.

To win – look at the suitcases below and find out which Chews he is taking in the right-hand case by discovering which Trebor Chews fit the spaces shown. Note that to get them all in he has laid some on their ends and some on their sides.

Simply work out which Chews fit the spaces, cut a piece of the Chew wrapper to cover the space and stick it in with Sellotape. Stick a Gold Medal Chewie wrapper on the other suitcase, and send the entry form to the address shown. Give your name, age and address; neatness will be taken into account.

Then state why you think Trebor Chews deserve a Gold Medal.



To: Trebor Chew Contest,
Manor Works, Manor Road,
West Ealing, LONDON, W.13.

Here is my answer to the Trebor Chew Contest...
(Complete the following in not more than 12 words). I think Trebor Chews deserve a Gold Medal because

.....

.....

.....

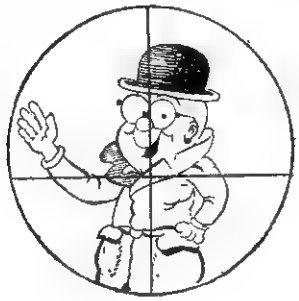
NAME.....

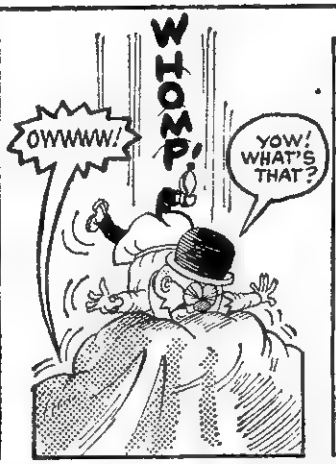
ADDRESS.....

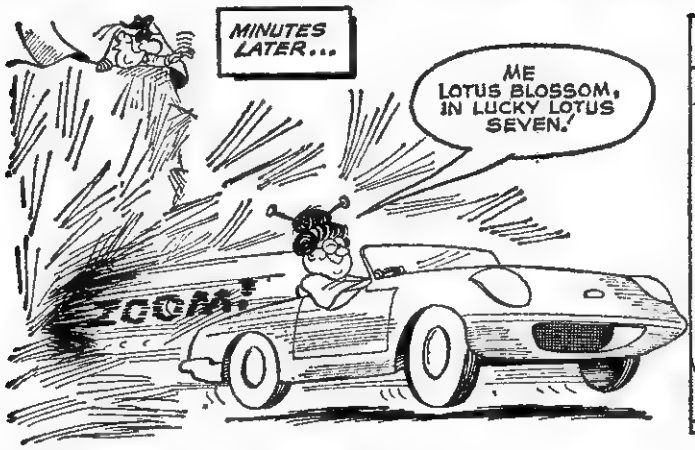
.....AGE.....

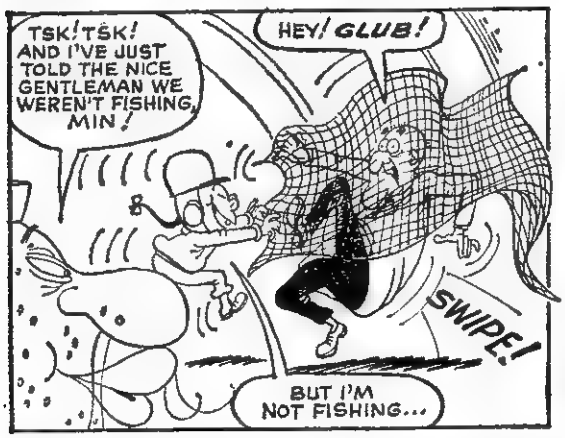
TREBOR

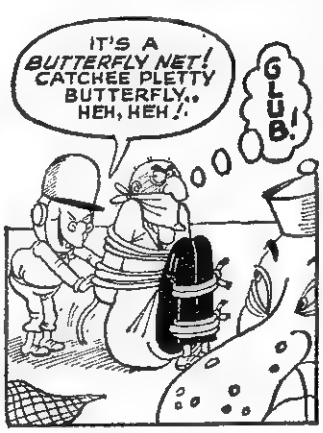
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

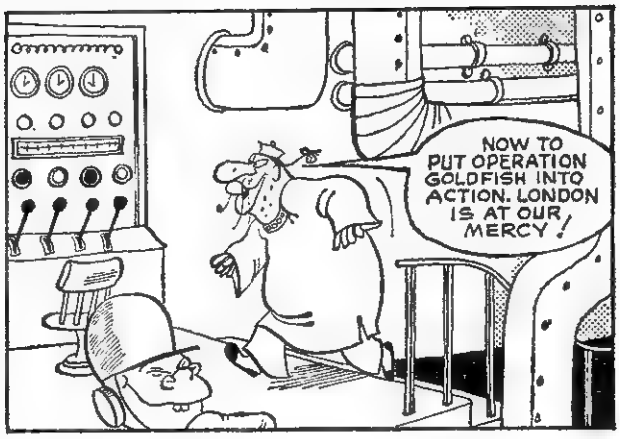








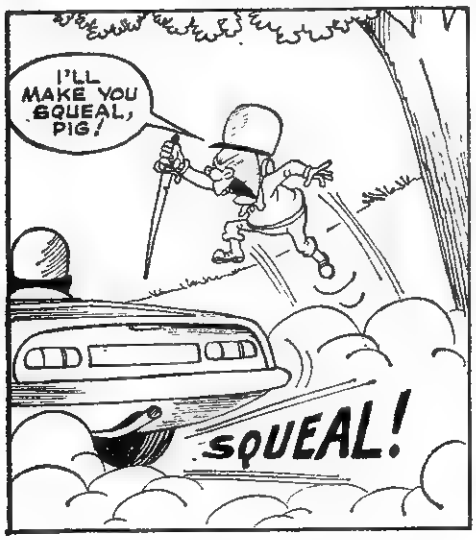


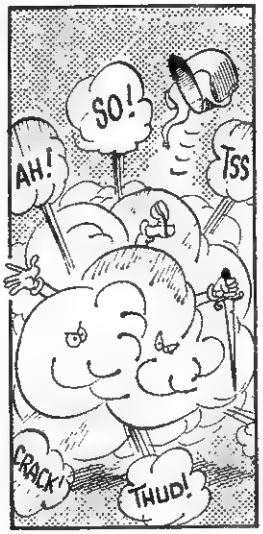


ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! CALL THEM OFF! I'LL SEND YOU THE BANK OF ENGLAND!
O.K. COME BACK TO PAPA, MY LITTLE DARLINGS! AN' HURRY UP WITH THAT BANK, LORD MAYOR, OR WE'LL DEMAND THE TOWER OF LONDON AN' THE CROWN JEWELS, TOO!

WHAT ABOUT BUCKINGHAM PALACE? YOU PROMISED IT TO ME!
DON'T WORRY, KITTY. WE'LL GET IT LATER— HEH, HEH!

VROOOOOM
DLAT! WHAT'S THAT? FELLA CAN'T EVEN EAT BLEAKFAST IN PLEACE!
LICE KLISPIES


I'LL MAKE YOU SQUEAL, PIG!
SQUEAL!


SO!
AH!
TSS
CRACK!
THUD!

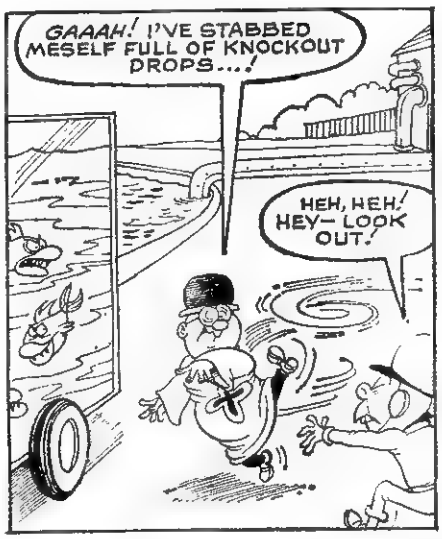
I LOTUS BLOSSOM, COME HERE TO MEET DEMON RACING ACE, MIN YI COO PAR. I NOT EXPLECT SUCH A FRIENDLY WELCOME. I LIKE JUDO!
GOSH! A GEISHA!

YOU NICE BOY. LOTUS BLOSSOM LIKE YOU! I GIVE YOU SOMETHING NICE IF YOU SHUT EYES!
HO, BOY—YOU BET!

THERE'S ENOUGH KNOCKOUT JUICE IN THIS HOLLOW IMITATION HEAD SKEWER TO PUT HIM OUT FOR A WEEK!

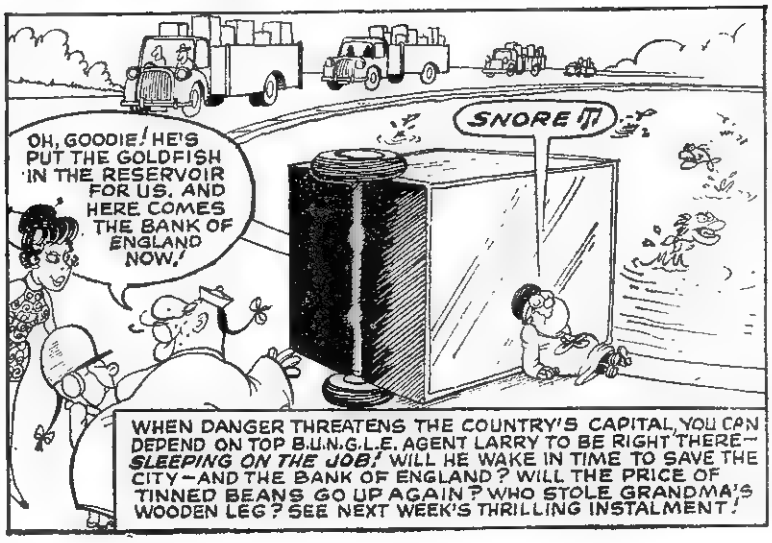
YOU'RE GONNA GET IT NOW!
WILY ORIENTAL GETTING IN A CRAFTY PEEK.
WAH! THE B.U.N.G.L.E. MAN!

MISSED!
YOW!
STAB!
CRAFTY ORIENTAL DODGE


GAAAH! I'VE STABBED MESELF FULL OF KNOCKOUT DROPS...!
HEH, HEH! HEY— LOOK OUT!

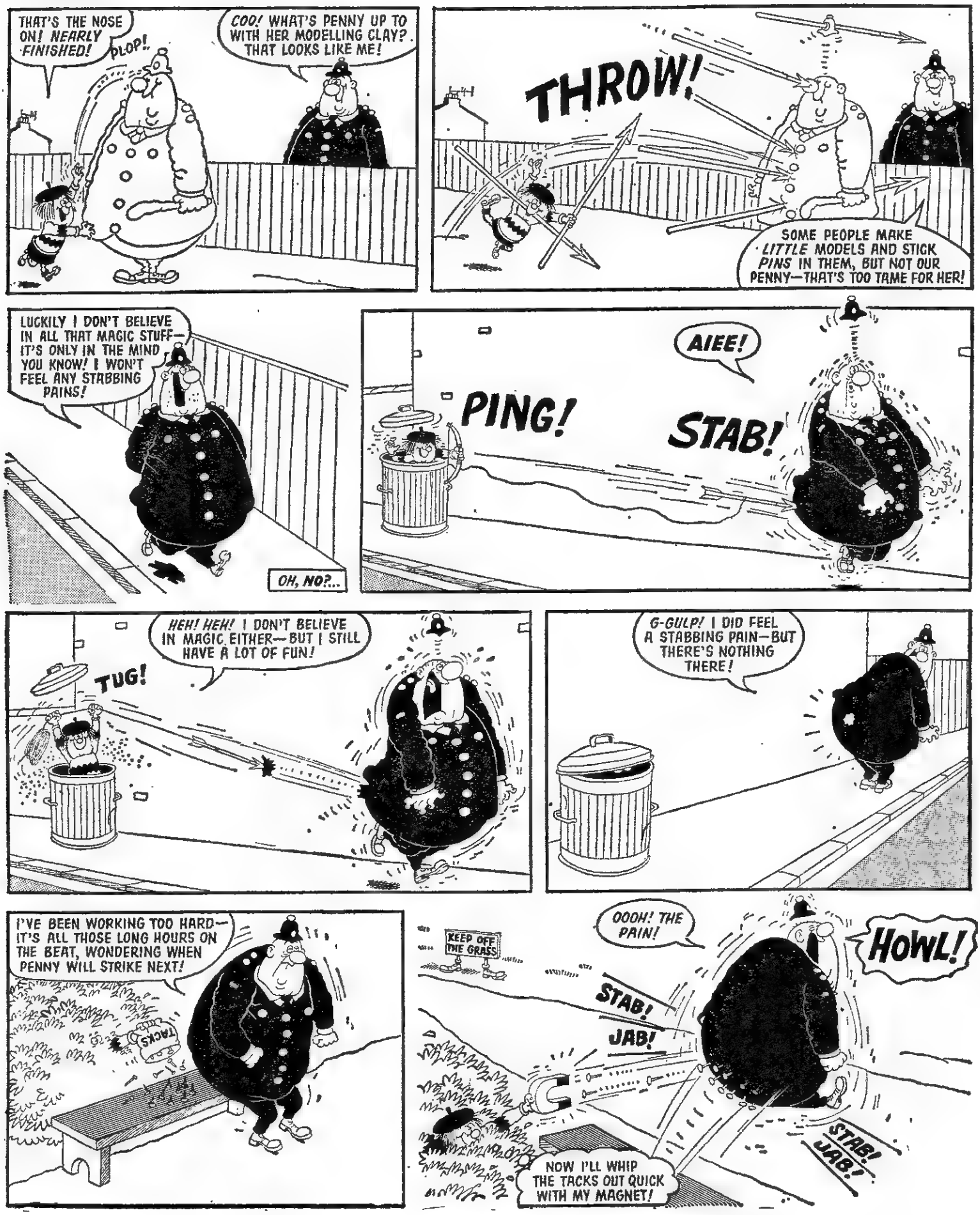
OH, NO— I'VE BUNGLED AGAIN!

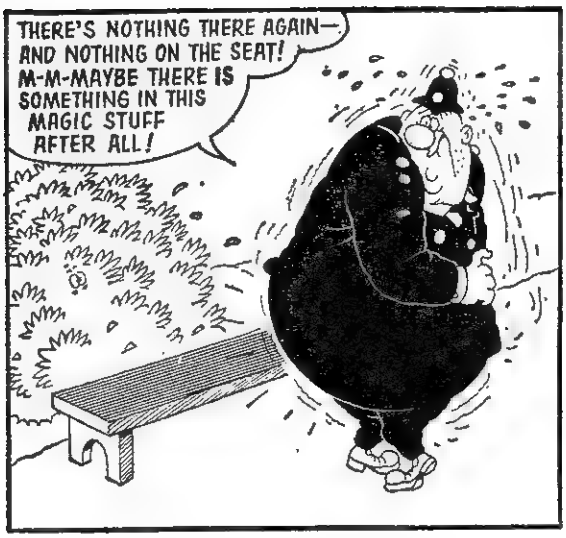
DISASTER! I'VE TURNED LONDON OVER TO THE GOLDFISH!
YAWN-N!

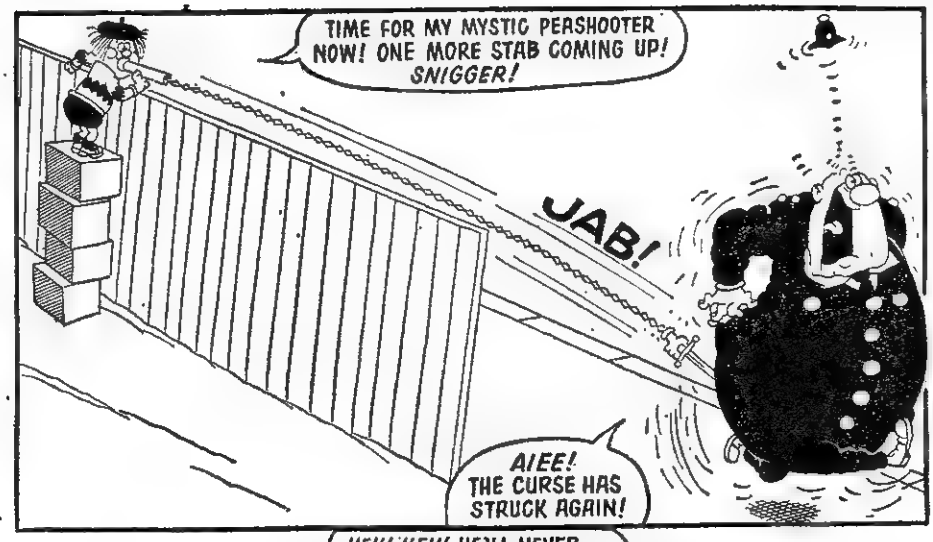

OH, GOODIE! HE'S PUT THE GOLDFISH IN THE RESERVOIR FOR US, AND HERE COMES THE BANK OF ENGLAND NOW!
SNORE ZZ
WHEN DANGER THREATENS THE COUNTRY'S CAPITAL, YOU CAN DEPEND ON TOP B.U.N.G.L.E. AGENT LARRY TO BE RIGHT THERE— *SLEEPING ON THE JOB!* WILL HE WAKE IN TIME TO SAVE THE CITY—AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND? WILL THE PRICE OF TINNED BEANS GO UP AGAIN? WHO STOLE GRANDMA'S WOODEN LEG? SEE NEXT WEEK'S THRILLING INSTALMENT!

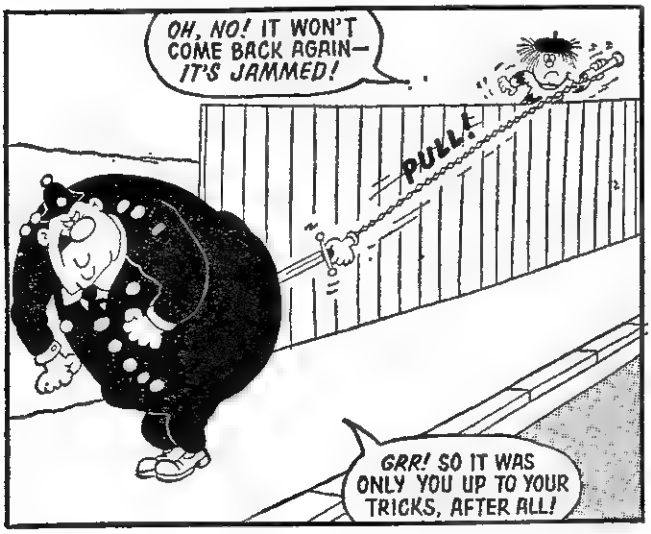
BAD PENNY

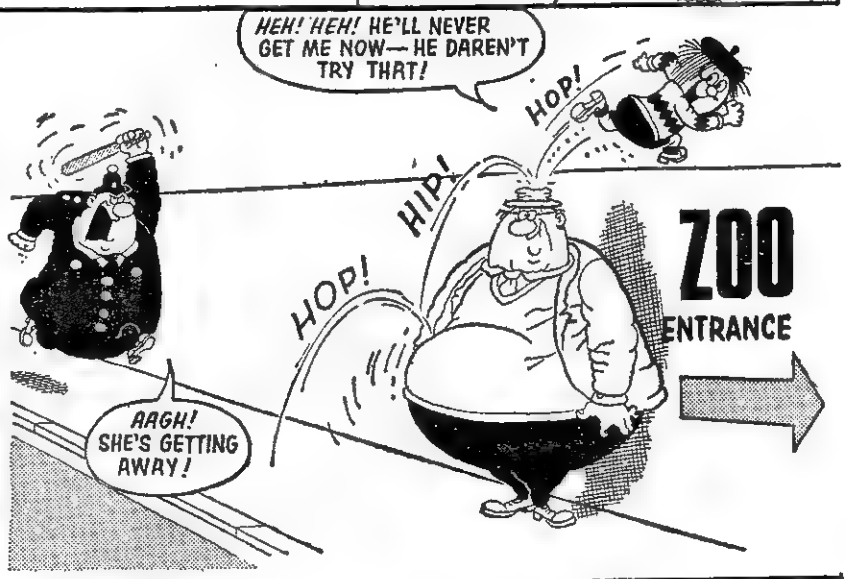
ONE PENNY 1968

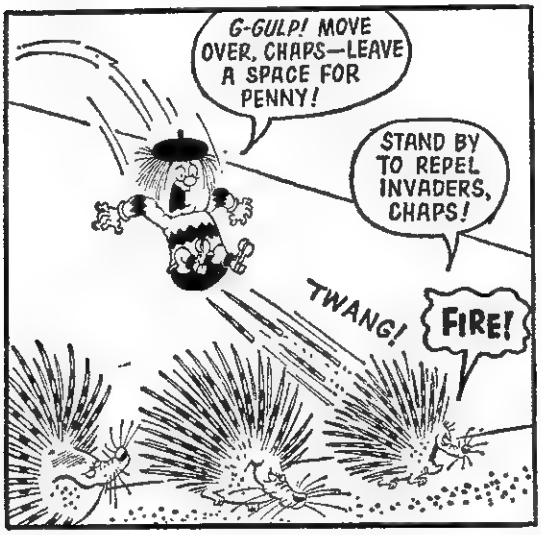


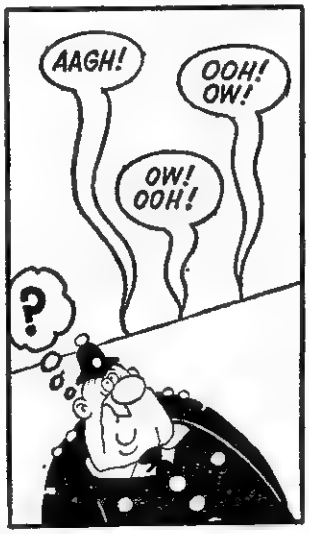

THERE'S NOTHING THERE AGAIN— AND NOTHING ON THE SEAT! M-M-MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING IN THIS MAGIC STUFF AFTER ALL!

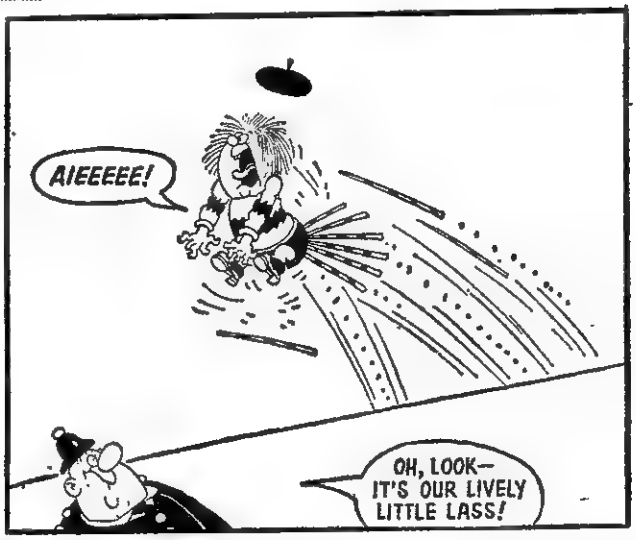

TIME FOR MY MYSTIC PEASHOOTER NOW! ONE MORE STAB COMING UP! SNIGGER!
JAB!
AIEE! THE CURSE HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

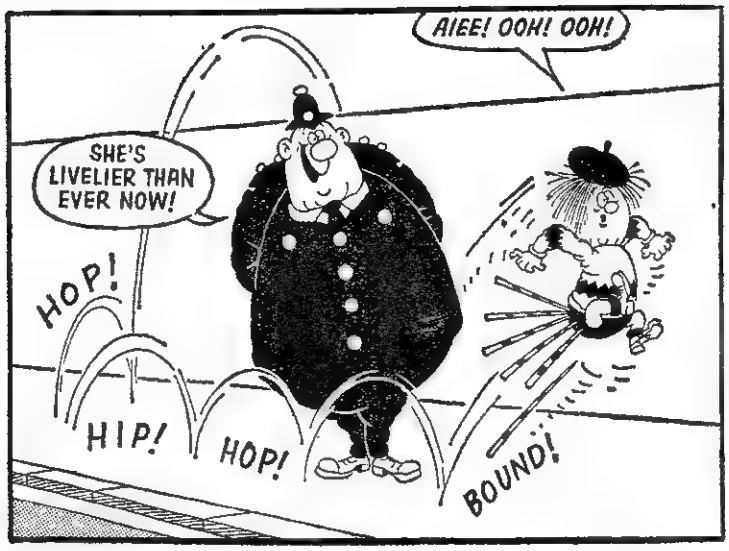

OH, NO! IT WON'T COME BACK AGAIN— IT'S JAMMED!
PULL!
GRR! SO IT WAS ONLY YOU UP TO YOUR TRICKS, AFTER ALL!

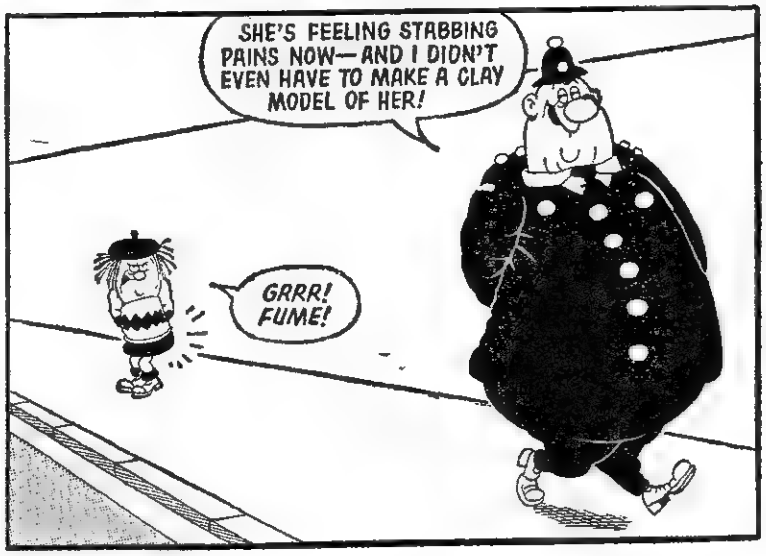

HEH! HEH! HE'LL NEVER GET ME NOW— HE DAREN'T TRY THAT!
HOP!
HIP!
HOP!
ZOO ENTRANCE
AAGH! SHE'S GETTING AWAY!


G-GULP! MOVE OVER, CHAPS—LEAVE A SPACE FOR PENNY!
STAND BY TO REPEL INVADERS, CHAPS!
TWANG!
FIRE!


AAGH!
OOH! OW!
OW! OOH!
?

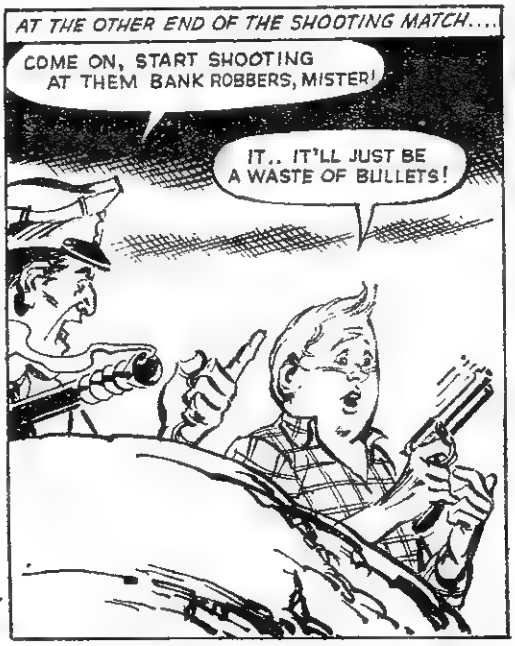

AIEEEEE!
OH, LOOK— IT'S OUR LIVELY LITTLE LASS!

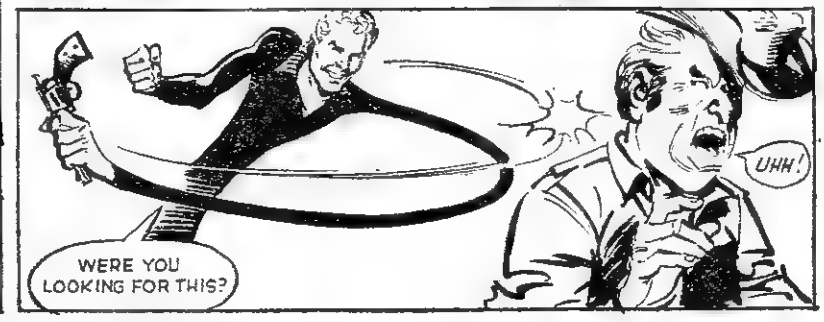

AIEE! OOH! OOH!
SHE'S LIVELIER THAN EVER NOW!
HOP!
HIP!
HOP!
BOUND!

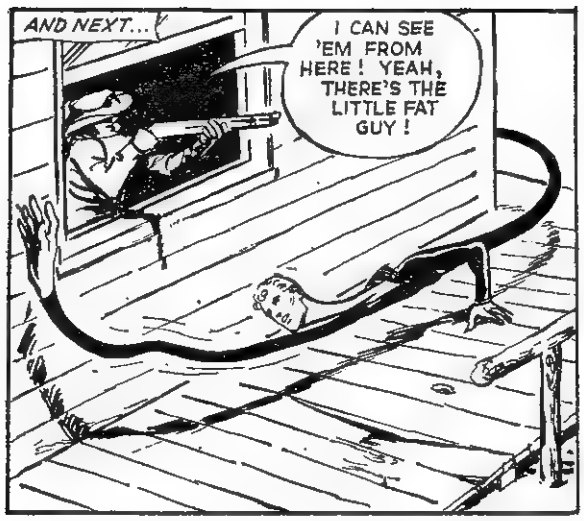

SHE'S FEELING STABBING PAINS NOW—AND I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO MAKE A CLAY MODEL OF HER!
GRRR! FUME!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN TEXAS, RUBBERMAN AND HIS PRIVATE-EYE PARTNER, SAM HUTT, ARE CAPTURED BY OLD-WEST-STYLE OUTLAWS. THEY ESCAPE, BUT ONLY AFTER RUBBERMAN HAS BEEN FORCED TO JOIN IN A BANK RAID. TWO HIGHWAY-PATROLMEN ARE SHOOTING AT THE OUTLAWS, AND SAM JOINS THEM. RUBBERMAN IS ON HIS OWN...







SMASH-CHAT

Dear Alf and Cos,

In ish 74 of Pow, Andrew Lane stated that he had 319 Power Comics, and that he thought it was a record. But it is not by a long chalk. I have 411 Power comics. They consist of: 187 Whams, 124 Smashes, 52 Pows, 51 Fantastics, 43 Terrifics, 22 Pow/Whams, and 19 Fantastic/Terrifics. As you probably gathered I think that Power comics are great.

Paul Green,
Birmingham.

We've printed your letter, Paul, although it's in reply to a Pow Letter—after all we are a brotherhood of Power, or aren't we? Quite a few readers are contesting reader Lane's claim to set a record; Pow readers' letters will appear on the Pow-Wow page, naturally! Keep up the good work!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Your issue 122 was the greatest yet. But please let poor old Ronnie Rich lose at least some of his money for a change! And let Robin get some of the glory, instead of Batman!

Jamie Algar,
Cricklade, Wilts.

Take a look at Robin this week, Jamie—he's trying to save Batman's life in a pretty spectacular way. After this he should have a glory-shine that lasts for months without re-touching, as the adverts might say!

Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,

In answer to Miss Saunders' letter in Smash 122, brainy little ol'-me has found an answer. Maybe Spidey could not penetrate D.D.'s face mask to discover his blindness? Howzat? And while I'm writing to you I'd like to ask, how does the Owl fly?

Robert Turner,
Gravesend, Kent.

Wee-ell... it was a good try, anyway. As good as some of ours! Thanks for trying to help us out of a spot! As for the Owl, he doesn't really fly—just glides with the aid of his cloak on even the smallest available air current. That's a handy ability to have, come to think of it. It would certainly be useful around here when the lift isn't working!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I've lost a no-prize. If anyone finds one, could they please send it on? Why don't you print a Special Edition of one of your mags, and fill it with readers' material. It would give you a chance to see what we can do!

Derek Cameron,
York.

Thanks for the suggestion, Derek, but there's such a lot involved in a scheme of that kind, it wants real hard thinking over! (We found your no-prize; it's on its way to you wrapped up nice and tidy in a pound note.) And other readers might like to know that Derek sent us a fantastic one-man mag written and drawn by himself, plus a scad of other material, that speaks volumes for his energy and imagination! Could be he's destined to be a comic-writer or comic-artist of the future!

Alf and Cos.

STAMP QUIZ **DO YOU KNOW?**

1. What country has "EIRE" on its stamps? .....
2. Great Britain issued the world's first postage stamp. What is its name? .....
3. Must a stamp have "perforations" to be genuine? .....
4. What is the former name for "ETHIOPIA"? .....

PRIZES:—3 stamps catalogued over 10/- FREE for each correct answer. Special packet of 12 stamps VALUED OVER £2.10.0 in the Catalogue free for all four correct answers. Our wonderful new Special Approvals will be sent to you with prizes won. (Please inform your parents.)

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Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire

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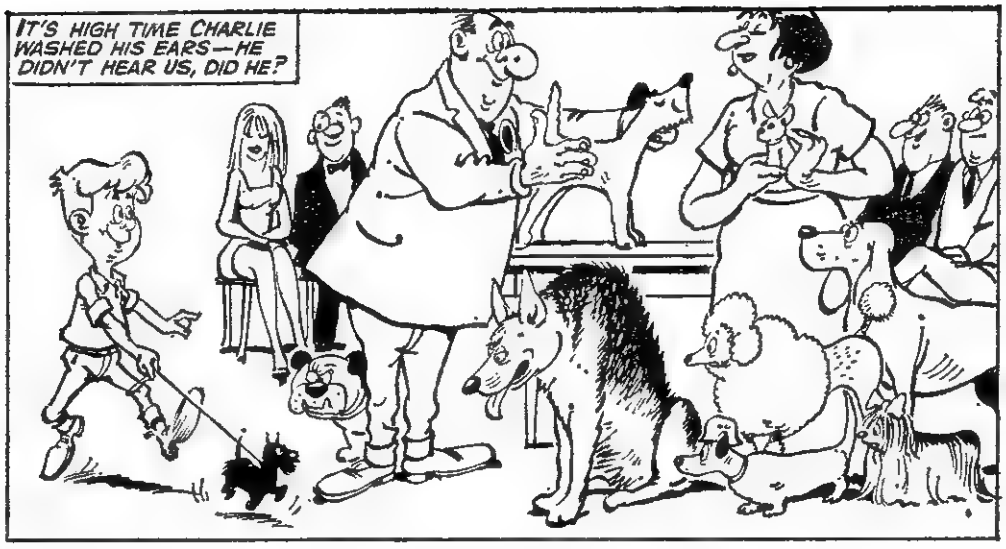
UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY
(Dept. S.H.51)
Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire

Charlie's Choice

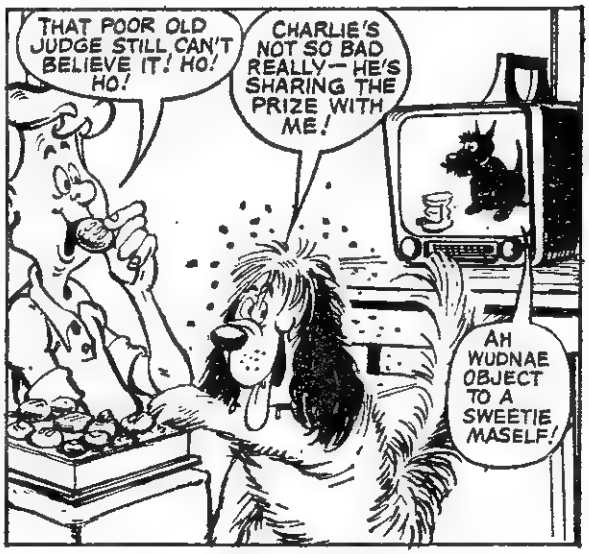
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!

ER—CHARLIE! YOUR DOG IS SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE ALREADY!

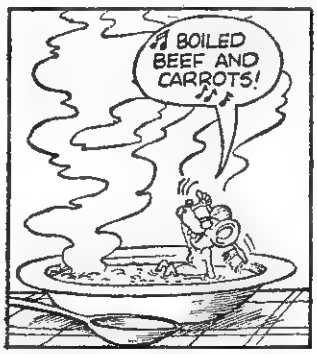

IT'S HIGH TIME CHARLIE WASHED HIS EARS—HE DIDN'T HEAR US, DID HE?

THIS LITTLE BEAUTY MUST SURELY WIN THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST SMALL DOG IN THE SHOW!
JUDGE

EEK!
ER—HOW ABOUT THIS ONE, MISTER? IT'S SMALLER THAN THAT THING YOU'VE GOT!

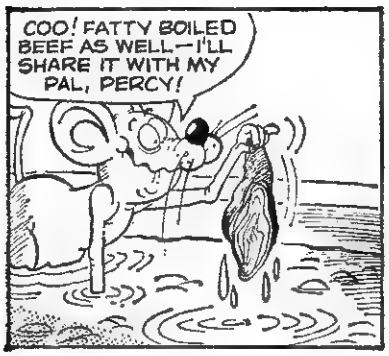

THAT POOR OLD JUDGE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HO! HO!
CHARLIE'S NOT SO BAD REALLY—HE'S SHARING THE PRIZE WITH ME!
AH WUDNAE OBJECT TO A SWEETIE MASELF!

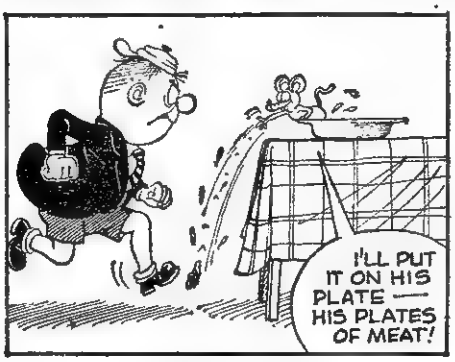
Percy's Pets


♫ BOILED BEEF AND CARROTS! ♪♪

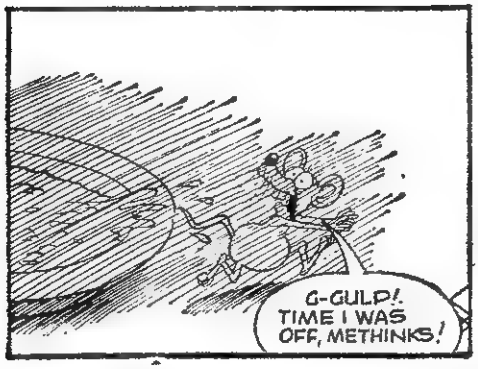
AAGH! THAT BLINKING MOUSE IS HAVING A BATH IN MY SOUP AGAIN!
YAH! HERE COMES OLD SPOILSPORT!

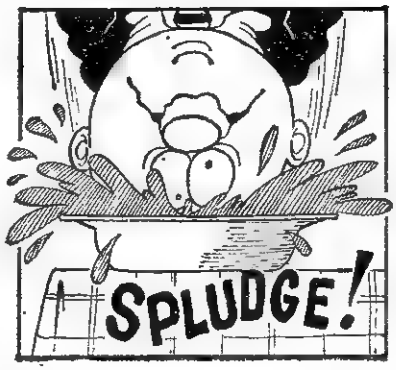
HEH! HEH! LUCKY FOR ME THERE ARE OODLES OF PEAS IN THE SOUP!
GRR! PROPER LITTLE CLEVER DICK, AREN'T YOU?


COO! FATTY BOILED BEEF AS WELL—I'LL SHARE IT WITH MY PAL, PERCY!

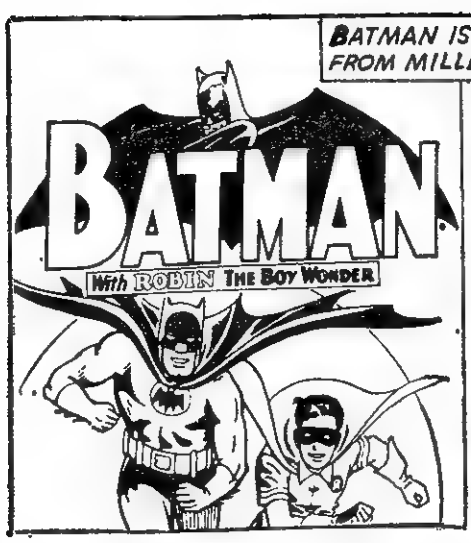

I'LL PUT IT ON HIS PLATE — HIS PLATES OF MEAT!

WAA-AAH! A BOOBY TRAP!


G-GULP! TIME I WAS OFF, METHINKS!


SPLUDGE!

AT LEAST I DIDN'T WASH MY HAIR IN IT! SNIFF!


BATMAN
With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

BATMAN IS DRUGGED AND HURTLED INTO MID-AIR FROM MILLIONAIRE TYRONE KOOM'S PRIVATE PLANE. ROBIN, IN ANOTHER PLANE, JUMPS WITH A PARACHUTE, INTENDING TO TRY AND CATCH BATMAN! BATMAN TRIES DESPERATELY TO GLIDE, USING HIS CAPE...
THE STRAIN... TERRIBLE!... MY ARMS... PULLING FROM THEIR SOCKETS...!

CODE-MESSAGE FROM YOUR PRIVATE PILOT, MR. KOOM!

"... PLANE AFIRE... BATMAN APPARENTLY PANICKED AND JUMPED..."

CLEVER OF MY DEAR BROTHER TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SUICIDE!

THIS IS AWFUL! I'VE MURDERED BATMAN AS SURELY AS IF I'D USED A GUN!!

BUT IN KOOM'S PLANE...
LOOK—THE COLD AIR REVIVED HIM... AND HE'S MAKING LIKE SUPERMAN!
HE'S NOT FLYING, YOU OAF—HE'S JUST GLIDING!
© 1968 National Periodical Publications, Inc. ®

—AND WHEN HIS ARMS GET TIRED, HE'LL PLUMMET TO EARTH LIKE A ROCK!

AND INDEED BATMAN FIGHTS FOR HIS VERY LIFE, USING HIS CAPE AS AN AIRFOIL!
ARMS... GETTING NUMB! CAN'T... HOLD OUT... MUCH LONGER—!

BUT ROBIN HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CHASE PLANE, AND...
BATMAN! TRY TO ANGLE TOWARD ME—LIKE THE SKY DIVERS DO!

LOOK! THAT BRAT, ROBIN, IS TRYIN' TO RESCUE HIM!

MADE IT! NOW TIE US TOGETHER WITH THE BAT ROPE FROM YOUR UTILITY BELT!
BUT A SINGLE PARACHUTE WON'T HOLD US!

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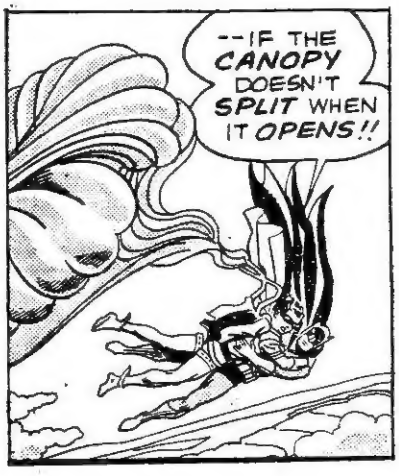
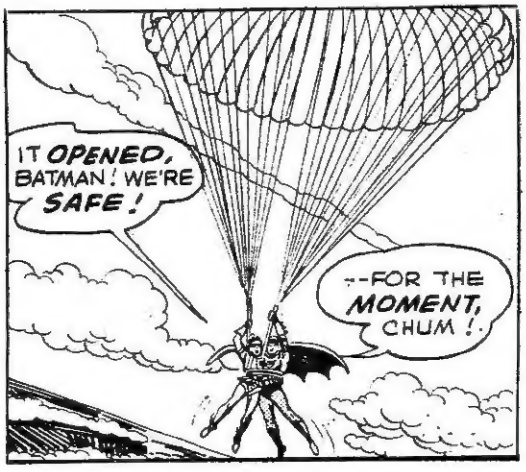
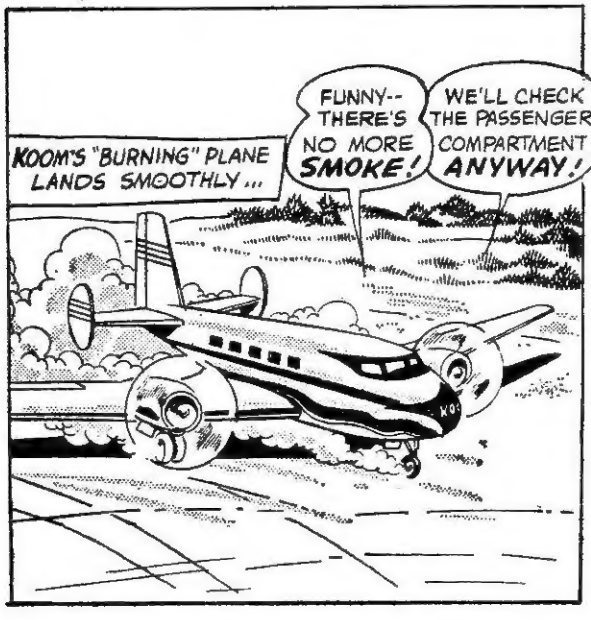
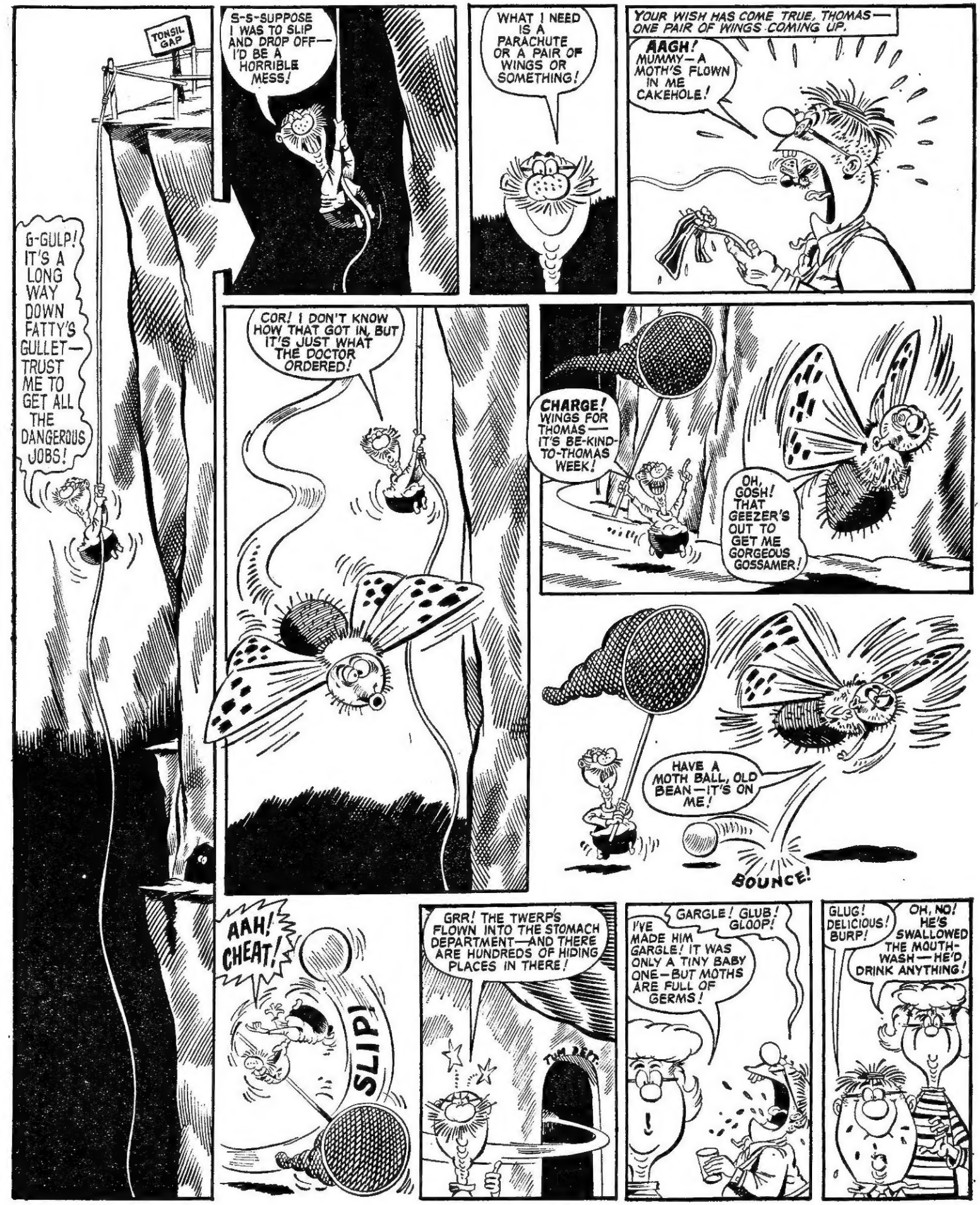






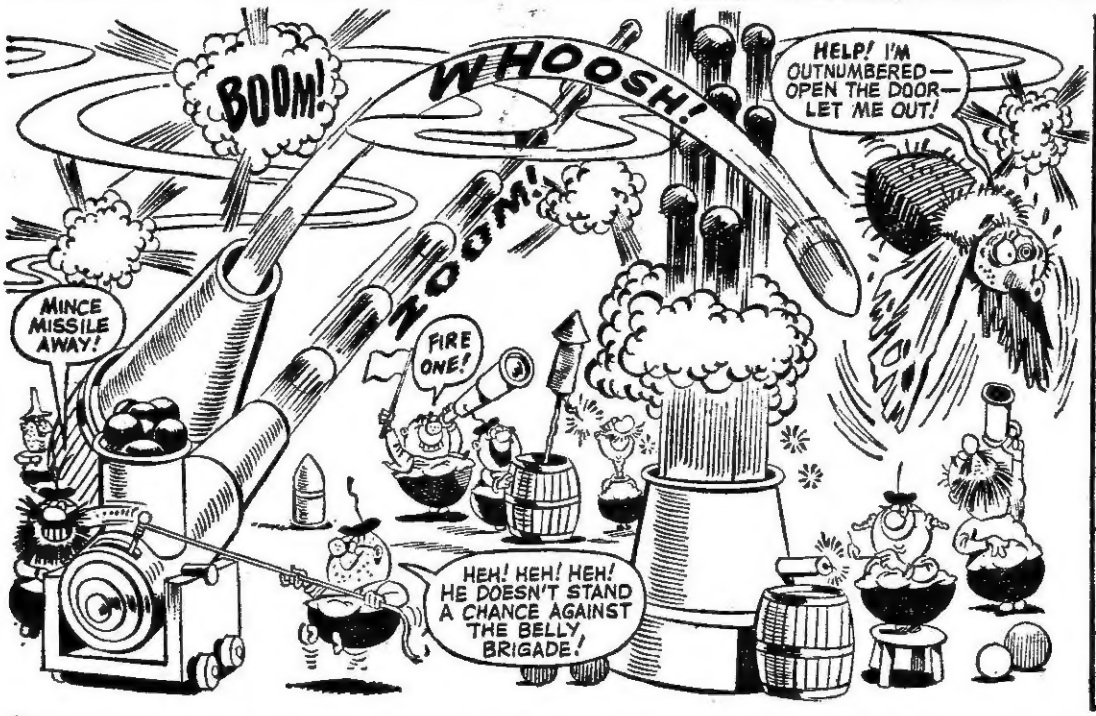
THE NERVS


TONSIL GAP
G-GULP! IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN FATTY'S GULLET— TRUST ME TO GET ALL THE DANGEROUS JOBS!
S-S-SUPPOSE I WAS TO SLIP AND DROP OFF— I'D BE A HORRIBLE MESS!
WHAT I NEED IS A PARACHUTE OR A PAIR OF WINGS OR SOMETHING!
YOUR WISH HAS COME TRUE, THOMAS— ONE PAIR OF WINGS COMING UP.
AAGH! MUMMY—A MOTH'S FLOWN IN ME CAKEHOLE!
COR! I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT GOT IN, BUT IT'S JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!
CHARGE! WINGS FOR THOMAS— IT'S BE-KIND-TO-THOMAS WEEK!
OH, GOSH! THAT GEEZER'S OUT TO GET ME GORGEOUS GOSSAMER!
HAVE A MOTH BALL, OLD BEAN—IT'S ON ME!
BOUNCE!
AAH! CHEAT!
SLIP!
GRR! THE TWERP'S FLOWN INTO THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT—AND THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF HIDING PLACES IN THERE!
TUM DEET.
GARGLE! GLUB! GLOOP!
I'VE MADE HIM GARGLE! IT WAS ONLY A TINY BABY ONE—BUT MOTHS ARE FULL OF GERMS!
GLUG! DELICIOUS! BURP!
OH, NO! HE'S SWALLOWED THE MOUTH-WASH—HE'D DRINK ANYTHING!

ANY OF YOU BLOKES SEEN A MOTH AROUND? IT CAME IN HERE!
NOT US, THOMAS—WE'VE BEEN TOO BUSY DISPOSING OF FATTY'S BREAKFAST!

AAGH! WHAT'S HE DRINKING NOW? THIS WASN'T ON THE BREAKFAST MENU!
SPLOSH!

GRR! IT MUST BE THAT MOTH'S FAULT!
WE'LL HELP YOU FIND THE TWERP, THOMAS—WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE TOO!
DRIP!
DRIP!


BOOM!
WHOOSH!
ZOOM!
HELP! I'M OUTNUMBERED—OPEN THE DOOR—LET ME OUT!
MINCE MISSILE AWAY!
FIRE ONE!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE BELLY BRIGADE!

OOH! ME POOR TUM—IT FEELS AS IF THERE'S A BATTLE GOING ON IN THERE!
SERVES YOU RIGHT—YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO SWALLOW MOUTH-WASH!

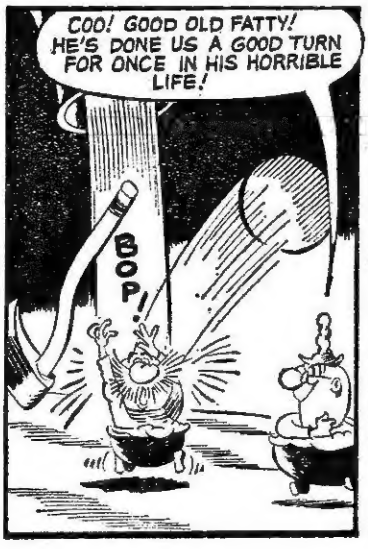
CLUNK!
BLOOH! I GIVE UP!

YAHOO! YOU'VE GOT IT, LADS—IT'S COMING DOWN—WELL DONE!
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK, THOMAS OLD PIP!

AAH! YOU TWERPS! I CAN'T USE THESE WINGS NOW—YOU'VE RIDDLED THEM WITH HOLES!

GRR! YOU LOT WILL NEED HOLES WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU—SIX FOOT DEEP ONES! FUME!
HELP! HELP! HE'S GONE OFF HIS ROCKER!

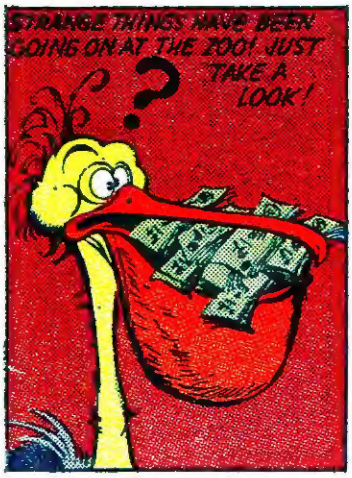
YOU'D BETTER TAKE A STOMACH PILL, LAD!

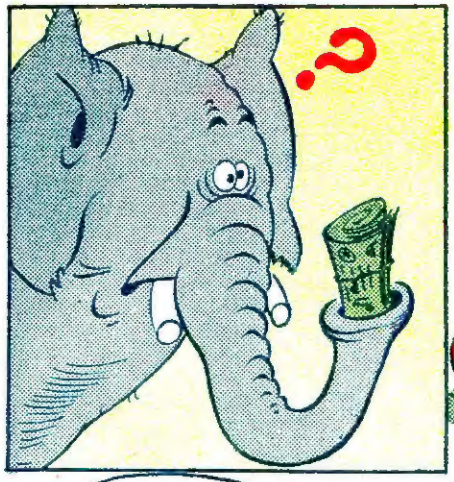

COO! GOOD OLD FATTY! HE'S DONE US A GOOD TURN FOR ONCE IN HIS HORRIBLE LIFE!
BOP!

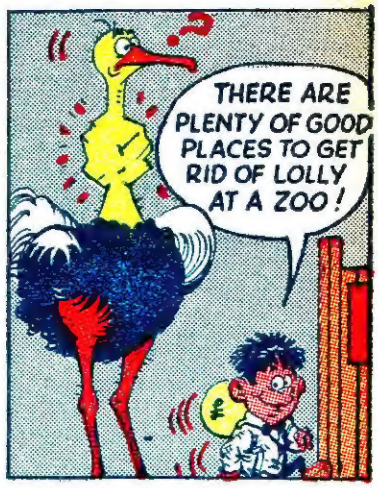
THOMAS THINKS IT'S DANGEROUS LIVING IN THE THROAT SHAFT—BUT SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS TO HIM WHEN HE LEAVES IT!

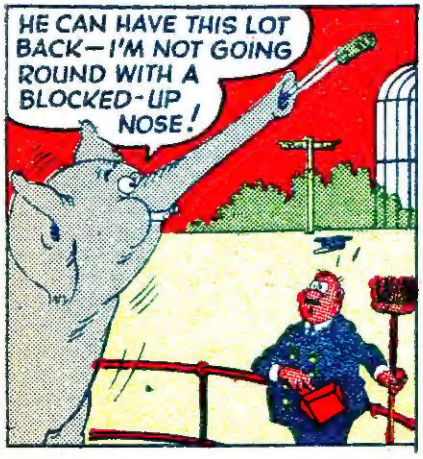
GOSH! I FEEL GREAT NOW! THAT STOMACH PILL DID THE TRICK—IT MUST'VE HIT THE MOTH! HEH! HEH!
GRR! IT WASN'T THE PILL, YOU TWERP—IT WAS THE MOUTHWASH! BUT YOUR MUM WILL NEVER BELIEVE YOU!

RONNIE RICH


STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING ON AT THE ZOO! JUST TAKE A LOOK!



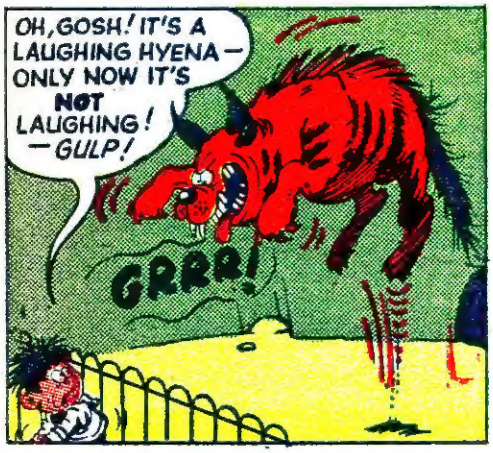

THERE ARE PLENTY OF GOOD PLACES TO GET RID OF LOLLY AT A ZOO!


HE CAN HAVE THIS LOT BACK—I'M NOT GOING ROUND WITH A BLOCKED-UP NOSE!

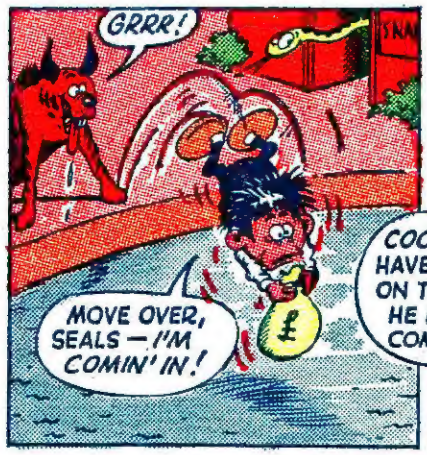
OUCH! WHAT'S THAT?
THUD!

HAR-HAR! HEE! HEE! HO! HO! HO! HO!
GRRR! IT ISN'T FUNNY! IT'S NO JOKE TRYIN' TO GET RID OF MONEY, YOU MOTH-EATEN OL' MONGREL!

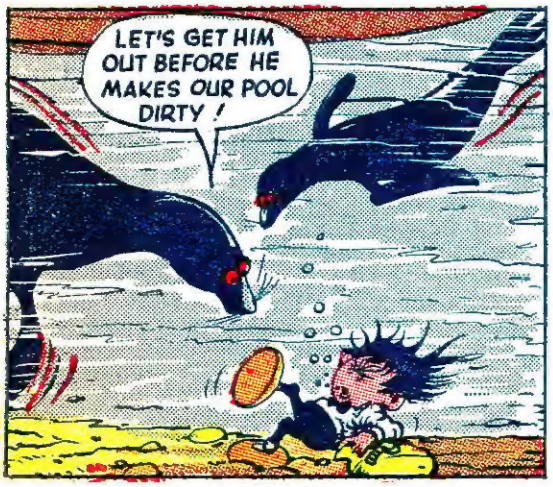
NO-ONE CALLS ME A MONGREL AN' GETS AWAY WITH IT!


OH, GOSH! IT'S A LAUGHING HYENA—ONLY NOW IT'S NOT LAUGHING! —GULP!
GRRR!

HELP! CALL IT OFF!


GRRR!
MOVE OVER, SEALS—I'M COMIN' IN!

COO! HE MUST HAVE HIT HIS HEAD ON THE BOTTOM—HE HASN'T COME UP!


LET'S GET HIM OUT BEFORE HE MAKES OUR POOL DIRTY!

WHOOSH!
PLOP!
GOSH! THAT'S LORD LOLLY'S WRIST-WATCH! SO THAT IS WHERE HE LOST IT—WHEN HE WAS HELPING ME FEED THE SEALS LAST WEEK! COR!

TOUT
HO! HO! HO!
BAH! I HAD TO TAKE A HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD FOR FINDING THAT WATCH! AW, SHUT UP, YOU!